

LIBERATOR

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THE MESSAGE

Editorial

ASSAULT ON THE PANTHERS

BLACK AND WHITE

NEFERTITI

a short story

Theatre Review

CLAYTON RILEY



LIBERATOR

Vol 10 No 1 January 1970

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An Important Notice for All LIBERATOR Readers

DUE TO RISING PRODUCTION COSTS, LIBERATOR IS FORCED TO ANNOUNCE ITS FIRST PRICE INCREASE IN THE LAST 10 YEARS. AS OF JANUARY 1, 1970, SUBSCRIPTION RATES WILL BE \$4.00 FOR ONE YEAR, \$7.50 FOR TWO YEARS; NEWSSTAND RATES WILL BE 40¢ PER COPY.

The Message

America as the "Great Melting Pot" has always been a myth. For despite the infusion of millions of Indians, Afro-Americans, Chinese and Japanese, Latin Americans and Eastern Europeans into this so-called pot, what has emerged and continues to emerge is the Northern-Western European culture, and in particular that of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant. The chief vehicle for maintaining this pre-eminence of WASP culture -- its mores, religion, value system, life-style -- is the electronics media (more affectionately known as TV). Rarely in the thousands of hours of TV programming have any attempts been made to present the pluralistic nature of American life. Instead, night after night, millions of Americans are slapped in the face with a never-ending stream of laugh shows, talk shows suffering from diarrhea of the mouth (and what new clothes are *you* wearing to-night?) and editorial commentary with the force and strength of a bowl of soggy corn flakes.

Oh yes, there *are* those "integrated" shows:

For the white Americans who insist on a mild diet of "Black and White Together," our own widowed *Julia* is brought into their living rooms once-a-week for a half-hour of vicarious racial integration, with no hang-ups as to what to do with the Black man (the eternal threat to the white male's masculinity).

Then, of course, there is the spectacle of the angry "Afro" syndrome to be peddled to the highest paying sponsor. Stereotype-oriented whites are amply rewarded for their efforts in tuning in on *Mod Squad*. Clarence Williams III (as Link) with his two-foot-high (and wide) "Afro" fulfills their needs to feel uptight about "crazed house niggers with Afros" coming into their pads.

For the super-white-liberal-intellectual needing to feel that negroes are "almost equal" (to him), there is of course *Mission Impossible* with Greg Morris as the super-educated negro tinkering with computers, pipes, electrical conduits and all sorts of technological goodies to delight the viewer. Unfortunately, with all his skills and training, he has almost lost the ability to speak. His few lines usually consist of various grunts and groans uttered while locked into one of those mechanical airshafts and messing with the wires. Little wonder he hasn't electrocuted himself trying to sabotage whitey's machines.

And then there are the so-called "specials" which almost invariably consist of a would-be calypso singer fresh from a course at the Berlitz School of Languages trying to refurbish his West Indian accent in order to mutilate a genuine Afro-Caribbean heritage. On-the-show excitement may come when he "brushes the arm" of a Miss Ann.

This type of programming, this presentation of the so-called negro is not accidental. It is a deliberate attempt to convey a one-dimensional image of the Afro-American. When one of the major networks finally did present a series of lectures on Afro-American contributions to the building of America, -- the program was judiciously allocated the "prime time" of six o'clock in the morning when everyone is *up* viewing TV.

One hopeful note in this fiction of maintaining "Freedom of the Press" has been N.E.T. (National Education Television) with its *Black Journal* and its sponsoring of the works of young Black playwrights on real prime time (8pm-10pm); and a few local TV stations and independent producers have tried to reflect the multi-racial character of America. But it is the major networks, through the use of the "Free Air," which hold the almost absolute power to influence and mold public opinion -- and thus which have become what no other institution (including the Presidency of the United States) has become: an absolute power unto itself.

The name of the game is power and that power is concentrated into the hands of less than fifty men. Fifty men who use the "airways," the Free Air that belongs to all of us, to transmit their homogenized pulp to us via the "set" in our pads. Ironically, when asked to give an account of their actions these men piously prop up their indefensible position on the mantle of "Freedom of the Press."

If we are going to change and improve the quality of our lives, then we, the viewers, must exercise what little power we do have over the medium of Television by demanding of Congress that facilities be set up for public broadcasting equal to those commercial TV now enjoys.

--- DANIEL H. WATTS



A Black Panther funeral in Los Angeles.

Eve Crane

Assault on the Panthers

CLAYTON RILEY

We all should have realized what was going to happen when, early in 1969, America's FBI director told us the Black Panthers were the most dangerous group of subversives loose in the land. We should have realized how specifically he was targeting Black men and women for death. The nation was aware, or certainly should have been aware, of the new and highly mechanized police forces across America which were waiting with their new rocket launchers, gas grenades, automatic rifles, tanks...who the hell really knows what else they've got...sitting around waiting, they were. Waiting for action. For the sort of action the respected law enforcement officer in the ranks had outlined for everybody as a new Christian duty -- latter-day missionary work by the master's uniformed immigrant population, doing the establishment's light work.

One can view the ensuing events, apparently, in many ways. Americans historically have been prone to accept killing as a logical form of control or a way of maintaining something called law and order. Horror, after all, can always be pretended in the aftermath, just as it is now. But the killing comes first. Then follows a feeble series of outraged rebukes, minor tirades against the absence of just responses to terrors real and imagined.

It was a simple enough matter to create a climate of paranoia regarding an organization like the Panthers. Begin and end with the fact it is a



Eve Crane

Young Black Panthers.

Black organization. On both formal and informal levels, methodology for murdering the nation's darker segments has always been clearly possible and accepted with little questioning. American Indians didn't voluntarily reduce their own numbers, didn't move into hidden caves to accommodate a restless and expanding

frontier society. They didn't die off in waves by virtue of pneumonia either.

The Panthers could, in fact, have forestalled any immediate action against themselves had they not changed the focus of their struggle. Had they remained nigger fanatics, talking the sort of "down with whitey"

cont next pg.

language any white man can understand. But they decided to go in a new direction, moving to join with others in the land whom they recognized as members of the same oppressed tribe: Mexicans, Indians, Spanish-speaking men and women in urban areas, poor whites, particularly from such places as Appalachia. There was a latter-day hint of Marxist-Leninism emerging from their public utterances...like talk of seeking a decent life for all those who now call themselves the victimized, the exploited, the cheated, the losers in a society desperately needing losers to make their gold machines operate oil (for the poor of all colors and persuasions serve to grease the gears and wheels of capitalism). All this thrust in the face of corporate monarchs who reached quickly for the hotline to storm troop headquarters.

The clenched fist raised, the cry of "all power to the people" would not seem capable of inspiring such a reign of terror. But believe what has been said recently...all true revolutionaries are dead or in jail or out of the country.

Like Brother Huey Newton whose lack of freedom is perhaps all that insures his life today. Or Brother Bobby Seale who bids quite soon to share the fate. All others named: Cleaver, Hillard...run it down the roster and see what is happening. Leave 28 dead Panthers, fallen since January, for the last commentary.

Consider before them 300 in jail, 21 in New York City tossed behind bars because of some liar's absurd stories about blowing up the city. Held for bail higher than people who commit crimes (instead of "plotting" them) will ever be forced to raise.

The specter of armed madmen is raised by people who yesterday were purple in the face arguing against gun control laws. Merchants calling for the lives of all Panthers spend their afternoons figuring out fresh techniques for selling switch-blades and hand-guns to anybody--



Demonstrators protesting the jailing of the Panther "21" outside the Court House in New York City.

Black

including Panthers -- who has the price.

Read the news of Fred Hampton shooting it out with the Chicago police department, mounting his insurrection, one could easily conclude, from a sleepy outpost in his own bed, getting shot, very likely, in the back.

Picture the Los Angeles Black Panther Party declaring war on the local police and setting up a command post in their own meeting hall. To do this you must forget the Panther credo -- strictly enforced throughout the nation's chapters -- of self-defense (as detailed by Huey Newton before he went inside). You must also ignore the Panther program of breakfast for community children who in some instances don't know

what a meal in the morning tastes like. Or the political education classes -- an exploration of practical means for achieving freedom for the masses, liberation for those who wear both psychological and more visible chains.

Nothing about shooting it out with the police. Nothing about being completely insane. We have helped construct the "madness" characterizing the Panther movement by allowing ourselves to be convinced of it by those who want (even if they apparently do not need) our tacit approval of repressive actions.

Now we will set up committees to investigate what we have already seen happen, what some of us already know is true. Expecting a nation fully able to endure such

activities as the violent attack on the Panthers to suddenly turn and do something about it is almost laughable.

The face of Fred Hampton, alive so recently, dead so easily, keeps smiles from many faces. And mine.

One day, if this nation lives long enough, and grows up enough, we will be forced to confront these times and the Panthers. We will have to face them as truly avant heroes, whom we killed because we had no room in this nation for the heroism of those who sought social change. We will face as well our own mediocrity as a reasoned explanation for the massacre of men and women who were, whatever the nature or soundness of their politics, bigger people than we allow to live here.



Black and



Slave Traffic on the Coast of West Africa.

White

by LARRY JOHNSON



Slave ships in the "New World"

A Dutch frigate brought twenty Black people to Jamestown in 1619. They were the first slaves, then called servants, to reach the New World. They were taken from their homeland and loaded on ships. They were chained spoon-fashion on the decks and brought to what is now America. They were brought -- the sons of kings, and there were doctors and religious leaders and families with babies. And they were brought with their culture and heritage still

in them: their pride and bravery and knowledge and beliefs. They were living.

They were brought first to Virginia, then throughout the South. And they were sold at auctions -- the sons of kings and doctors and religious leaders and the babies were taken from their mothers. And they were branded like black cattle and placed on plantations. And like cattle they were mated and their diet was corn and salt pork and molasses.

And a shack with no windows and cracks was their abode. And they were distinguished in two ways. There were house slaves and field slaves. The house slaves were closer to the whites: they were first to absorb the white culture, beliefs and the white ideas, and the first to relinquish their own and white ideas. They were the first to die, their culture murdered.

Then they were worked from sun-up to sundown and beaten when they

cont next pg.



The "field negroes"

were slow and killed when they resisted. And at night the Black women were raped and the Black husbands watched as their manhood died.

Then there were rebellions and Black people revolted. Denmark Vesey in Virginia and Nat Turner in the Carolinas, and white men, women and children died. The Blacks killed without mercy. They killed ruthlessly and they killed Blacks also -- Black house slaves who were already dead. Then they were killed. They were killed publicly and their bodies were left in view to detour other rebellions. Black men, women and children were beheaded and their heads were put on posts along the banks of the Mississippi. Then the

whites scored a victory. A victory that is still unsurpassed in controlling Black people. Even stronger than the chains, and bloodhounds, and bullwhips and Headley's get-tough policy. We were taught Christianity.

Then Lincoln signed a paper to "free" the slaves. From the bondage of the plantation to the bondage of the black roads. Then the period of brainwashing and the last living Blacks were dead; when Black manhood, already dying, was finished and the Blacks were taught to hate their own guts. And they did (and they do). And Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn failed.

And then the 20th Century and the Klan and more brainwash and more wars and Blacks were not allowed to

vote. Their labor in building this country, their blood from wars, the charge up San Juan Hill, the capture of Geronimo, all ignored, and they were not allowed to vote.

And then the 1940s. The War and Black people fighting side by side with whites and sleeping in segregated barracks and dying overseas and dying in Alabama. Dying for a free America and dying for whistling at a white woman. And 1947 and back doors and segregated lunch counters and the year of my birth. And my brainwashed parents from their brainwashed parents and my brainwashed self.

Then my school in Alabama, Washington, and America. And all the white knowledge and Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver and more brainwash.

And then 1969 after Martin L. King, Jr., and Stokely Carmichael and Watts. After the voting rights act of 1954 and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. After the knowledge of my existence in America and that I am Black and white and neither Black nor white and after the knowledge that to my people, I am, and to America, I am not:

I love white folks. I love their pale skin with its flawless texture. I love their eyes of blue, green and gray and I don't like to see one whose eyes are brown. I love their hair with its endless straightness and its red and blondness and manageability. I love their features and I like to see them smile. They are beautiful. Black is beautiful also but the platform on which I base my conception of beauty is lily white.

I see them on TV, hear them on the radio and read them in the newspaper. I study them in school and salute their flag and honor their country and care for their children and cook their food. I clean their floors and dig their ditches and build their buildings and pay their taxes and fight their wars all because I love them.

I worship their heroes and celebrate their holidays and contribute to their charities and my children idolize Flash Gordon. I hate the Africans in Tarzan movies. I obey their laws and adhere to their Con-

stitution and my belief in their rightness is omnipresent.

I love their way of life. Their recreation and classical music and art and their fountain Blew is so beautiful from the ramp of a garbage truck.

I welcome their wisdom and respect their authority for whatever the situation their reason is best. And I go to church every Sunday also and I am careful not to sin and I obey the commandments and I know I will go to heaven when I die because Jesus Christ is white.

Even my knowledge of my past does not alter my feeling. I know about slavery and the rape of my ancestors. I know of my bondage and the chains that shaped my being. I love them in spite of their ships and sharks alleys and the blood of my brothers overboard and the children taken from their parents for the sale. I am not bothered by the lynchings and the inhuman brutality for they characterize me as does my skin.

I will continue to love them and worship their gods and obey their laws and accept their culture -- I will wax their floors and raise their children and stay in my place and one day soon I will kill ten of them as I die.

I will kill them because my love for them is only exceeded by my hatred for myself. I will kill because McWright was socially justified in writing the poem "The African Affair" where he states: "Black is what the prisons are, the stagnant vortex of the hour-swept into totality. Creeping in the purjured heart, bitter in the vulgar rhyme-bitter on the walls..." And Cunnie was psychologically stable when he wrote: "She does not know her beauty. She thinks her brown body has no glory. If she could dance naked under palm trees and see her reflection in the river -- she would know. But there are no palm trees in the streets and dishwater gives back no images..."

I will kill -- not murder -- in self-defense with the determination of Denmark Vesey, the dedication of Gabriel and the ruthlessness of Nat Turner. And the result of my efforts will be unlike that of Toussaint

L'Overture in Haiti. No one will be liberated, no one will win, there will be no victories and no heroes and no cheers at the end. There will be few bullets and little blood and no bombs exploding and little hand-to-hand combat. It will not be a Black Power struggle or interjection of separatism because they have failed and are failing and there will be no Martin L. Kings and philosophies of non-violence and submissiveness of our mothers for fortunately they will be dead -- a cowardly, dishonorable dead, for they are dead already.

We will meet violence with violence. Not the same violence bestowed upon Black people by white people. Not the disease of the pest-infested cement monstrosities of the ghetto; not the diseases, the damp cold wetness, the poverty and starvation, the third-class stagnant food, the police with their dogs and shotguns and teargas; not the discrimination in employment, and education; not the everlasting.

Institutional racism that ultimately kills. An inferior education producing an inferior vocation producing an inferior income producing inadequate diet, medical care, etc., which causes a shorter life span. Black people are purposefully confined to this status quo. We die before our time. We are murdered. It's a joke; we are already dead but we die. "Black is what the prisons are."

And white people want help because they can't risk socialism. And the ghost, the Black and proud African shell in which my whitened self resides, will stand on corners and yell to other ghosts -- in a language that whites don't understand -- the phrases of revolution and the ghosts will obey. The dishwashers and garbagemen, the doormen and gardeners, the waiters and porters and hustlers will become ghost commanders and even the most remote reservoir won't be safe from the poison. The air and germs will mix, and the white living and the Black dead will die unison (the only together mess) ten to one -- 'cause we love white folks so much. Amen.

One House

No Doors

and the

Idea of Being

for my people

Each

to his
own

the crucifix
the ballot,
or the gun

choose:
as you
wish

but
move with
caution

the
arena
is rigged

and there
are hazards
ahead

that
zero in on
niggas

&
other
spooks

besides
those of
brand X.

--- Isaac J. Black

NEFERTITI

*a revelation on
the THREE basic
levels of consciousness
to
Fountaine in Los Angeles
&
Stan in Cleveland
who helped me cut a path
home from Vietnam and insanity*

by Charles Hunter

Daniel H. Watts





Sometime a man will get a feeling that is good. I mean it so sweet, so pure. It his thing, maybe. His own *personal* thing. A cop approach a man like that, in his thing, cop get his feelings hurt! You know? And it fair, man. It *got* to be fair. Cop always say: "Move along! Move along!" And my man don't want to move. I mean he fear the cop and all--*like he suppose to* -- but my man just don't want to let this feeling go. And dig it, man: if something happen who fault is it?

Like he been in the room with Miles Davis or Sonny Rollins or even Charles Lloyd though you don't hear much of him lately. Or somebody like that. These guys can fill up your head till tears run out of your eyes, and you don't know if it tears of joy or sad or what. A man can look sad and be at his *cold* happiest. You know what I'm talking about, don't you? Dig it, my man: in that condition you ain't for no shit. Maybe you even wanted to swing all the time. Maybe swinging is your thing at that particular moment. Maybe you want to explode on the world. Can't grit your teeth no longer. Say my man is in that condition--although he don't have to be half that bent up into a thing. You know that. Even if you ain't in no thing at all you got to get lockjaws behind some weak action like what you see the law doing every day of your life--if you on the street. *And where else can you be?*

But just say my man is in that shape and some fool come down the street with a stick. With a *stick!* Whew! "Move along! Move along!" What you think happen? What you do? I mean, man, this is--do you know where you at? Do you? Alright then. Alright. Man, this is Harlem, and that out there is the street. All you got to do is open your eyes at a cop to know he just a man. A m-a-n on the s-t-r-e-e-t just like everybody else. Now out in the suburbs it something else. Out there you something special if you a cop. You a officer of the law.

The law. Good guy. But they ain't got no streets in the suburbs. They got Roads. And Drives and Lanes... shit like that. Yeah, I know we got a Boulevard down there and a Place over there and a Avenue right there. But dig it, man: dig that avenue--it still the street. And cops is hustling and pimping and selling stuff on it just like you and me. What you think happen when he try to gorilla somebody who in a nice thing like what I telling you about, knowing a cop is just a man? And you in a beautiful thing that won't let you touch ground.

Well that what happened. It happen just like that. Bubba was leaning up against the wall right by that little record shop across the street from the Apollo. Only about fifteen minutes or half an hour after we had left Ben Jackson's. That was the same day Ben got in that bad smoke from Panama, and Ben say for us to smoke some there and take some with us. Knowing we could get a dime a bag off that bad smoke. We smoked all day, man. All day! And Ben's old lady fixed us some pig-feet and some chile and stuff like that. She one fine lady. Ben got a fine old lady, man. We eating and smoking and drinking that Metaxa like Jewl and her husband had that night at Rockland Palace. Nice, man. They got air-conditioning up there, I talking about up at Ben's and his wife's, not Rockland Palace. That Metaxa some high price stuff, too. It was really nice. And we went on all day like that. But let me tell you what happen, man. Around eleven o'clock Bubba start seeing ghosts.

You see, Wayne Shorter wrote this tune. Yeah, he write some very slick sides. Tune name Nefertiti. Now dig this name: Nefertiti. This all part of what I'm gone tell you. She some kind of Egyptian queen or goddess. Anyway she a sister, I'm gone tell you how I know. Yeah, that's part of it too. Wayne and Miles got a album with the tune on it, man, and we digging it; you

cont next pg.

know? And eleven o'clock Bubba see the bitch good as I seeing you right now.

We smoking and all like I telling you when the tune come on. We rapping about Miles and Wayne and what sweet things they put together. Bubba, he quiet as a mouse for a while. Ben saying something like he dug Miles when Coltrane was playing in the group. That a long time ago; ain't it, man? I didn't think Ben was that old. I bet it was really something to dig. Miles and Coltrane together on a live set. I mean, Coltrane look like he had a kind of evil look on his face, even though everybody who knew him or ever come in contact with him say he was just the opposite. But the look on his face was so intense and angry. I guess the man couldn't help what kind of look was on his face. And Miles! You know that a evil looking cat. He got one album with him smiling on the front but the picture look like they had to catch him with infra-red light or something-- in the dark--to catch him smiling. You seen it. You know I am telling you the truth. Miles is a evil looking cat. I bet when they up on the set and some whitey dig them evil looking cats, I bet them whiteys feel like they being massacred by horns... *wow!*

All at once Bubba say the chick is right there in the room with us. Say she got on robes and this weird hat and some kind of stick in her hand. I got the jitters, you know? Because Bubba don't play around with something like that. He dead on the line one hundred percent twenty-four hours a day. Ben go in the kitchen and get a gold colored ring from his old lady. When he come back Bubba laying on the rug with his head propped up against the wall. Ben kneel down right near him and say: "Can you still see the broad?" Bubba say: "She gone. Just like that. She gone" Ben say: "Well you remember what you saw?" And he show Bubba the ring he got from his old lady. Bubba look at the ring, then he take the ring and look at it all around and gave it back to Ben. "That's the

bitch." He looking dead in Ben's eye when he talking and not crack a smile. That's the bitch," he say, "except the real one Black as coal." Ben hold the ring in front of me for me to look at. It a narrow faced broad with one of these tall Egyptian headpieces and her chin kind of sticking out a little b.t. After I look at it Ben take it and look at it again himself. He say: "That was Nefertiti; dead over a thousand years."

Shit, man; I go in the kitchen and Ben's old lady measure out three ounces of smoke for me and three for Bubba which I still got in my stash and I come back through and get Bubba together because I know it is time to go. Before we leave, Ben ask Bubba did she say anything. Bubba say: "No, but she take that stick and break it and half fell to the east and half to the west." I drag Bubba out the door and down the three long flights of stairs at Ben Jackson's and we hit the street. Then we go up by this little record store I'm telling you about and some girls is dancing outside in the street. We stop and dig the sounds and Bubba just walk over and lean up against the wall. I dig him but I don't say nothing, until after a while I go over and say: "Let's go over to Jo Ann or Mary Frances house and bag the stuff." He say: "No, man." He say: "I don't want to move." Say: "I just want to stay here and not move a muscle until I die; rather fight you than let this feeling go right now, man." (He talking to me, his main man.) Just like I telling you before, he off in one of them paradise things. To look at him he look like a very down dude. Beat. That's why I'm saying a man can look sad and be in a-whole-nother bag. I dig it right quick and button up. Bag the stuff later. We stay like that for a while, up against the wall by the record store.

Two rollers in a green and white police car come cruising down 125th, pull up to the curb, start digging them little girls outside the record store. Make you feel bad inside, man. They sitting back looking at them little girls like they was full

grown and working the street. Then all at once one of them digs me and Bubba up against the wall and he say: "Come on over here, boys." He know what happening with the smoke and all. He can see it. I get ready to ditch the smoke and walk on over like nothing happening but Bubba, he don't even hear. Off in his thing. The roller gets out the car with his stick and all the time I'm saying: "Come on, Bubba! It's the cops, man!" Off in his thing.

Cop come up and say: "YOU HEAR ME? GET OFF THIS STREET!" I'm saying something like: "We just stopped here for a minute, Officer; we was on our way down...." He wasn't even listening to me. His eyes were on Bubba. Cop walk right up in Bubba's face but Bubba don't even see him. Bubba seeing Nefertiti. Cop got up in Bubba's face and say: "MOVE ALONG!"

Bubba come to.

Man you should've dug the look on his face. He struck cold terror in that roller's eyes. I said: "Shit, Bubba. Don't kill him." Bubba was going to kill him, man. But before anything can happen the cop come crashing down with his stick. Smash! Right into Bubba's skull. And before Bubba can hit the ground the man's stick is coming down again. I pulled out my gun, man. I pulled it out and the roller dug it. I wanted him to stop, man. I really did. I just knew when he saw my gun he'd stop hitting Bubba on his head, man. Oh, but WOW! I guess this the first beating he ever give anybody and he got to prove something, or maybe he just getting his kicks. Anyway, it his last. I put a thirty-eight dead up his nose and out the back of his head. Right up his nose, man. They put his picture in the *Amsterdam News* stretched out on the sidewalk with one of his nose holes gone. I hear a door slam and when I turn around the other cop done jumped out the other side of the car and hit the ground. I grab for Bubba but he out cold. Can't take him with me. I run through the record store and out the back door. Everybody hiding from the shooting. Nobody see me.



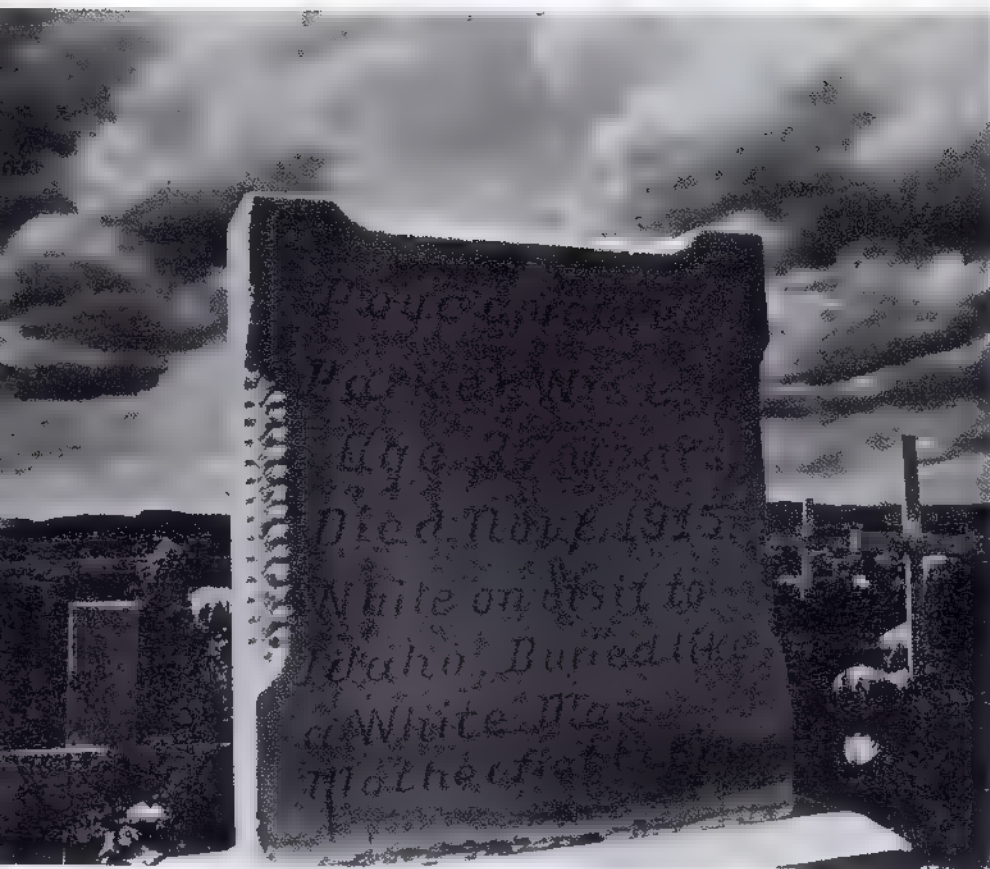
They gone keep on trying to hang Bubba six months to a year but the lawyer say nothing they can do. Too many witnesses saw Bubba didn't do nothing but stand there and get hit over the head and fall down. Lawyer say it a good thing for him he didn't run with me or they'd be looking for him like looking for me right now. They looking for me in Los Angeles and Cleveland and all over. And I right here in they face. Sometimes I go down to Mack Jenkins' house and watch them going in and out the jail like I was right there with them. And they don't even see me looking at them.

Momma say them ladies at the church want me to give myself up.

I would, too, man. I really would. But Bubba say since that thing happen to him he got a new kind of religion. He keep trying to tell me about it but I can't dig it yet. He ain't been in no hospital, man. They had him down there trying to make him tell where I had went to. Bubba say it a good thing he didn't know where I was or he might have told, the way they was working on him. Ben say it the same as kidnapping. But Bubba say one night while he was sleeping in his cell Nefertiti appeared again. He don't use the term bitch or broad when he talking about her no more. I think she some part of his new religion. He say she look sad when she break that stick

and it fall apart like that. He say he feel like I helped bring the two parts together again so his new religion is proud of me. I don't know if I'm proud or not but I ain't gone give myself up. I feel like a guy killed a mad dog. And the mad dog law say he got to give himself up so he walk out into the mad dog pack. He be a out-and-out fool to do that.

I going up to Canada in another week. I gonna ride right across with a carload of teenagers just like Goose Jones did after that big raid on his place on 137th. Yeah. The Goose is still flying loose up there and doing very good. Very good. And I going too, man. I going up to Canada in about one more week.



Leroy Lucas

TO THE GREAT WHITE FATHER

We, the native Americans, reclaim the land known as Alcatraz Island in the name of all American Indians by right of discovery.

— We wish to be fair and honorable in our dealings with the Caucasian inhabitants of this land, and hereby offer the following treaty:

We will purchase said Alcatraz Island for twenty-four dollars (\$24) in glass beads and red cloth, a precedent set by the white man's purchase of a similar island about 300 years ago. We know that \$24 in trade goods for these 16 acres is more than was paid when Manhattan Island was

sold, but we also recognize that land values have risen over the years. Our offer of \$1.24 per acre is greater than the 47¢ per acre the white men are now paying the California Indians for their land.

We will give to the inhabitants of this island a portion of that land for their own, to hold in perpetuity -- for as long as the sun shall rise and the rivers go down to the sea. We will further guide the inhabitants in the proper way of living. We will offer them our religion, our education, our life-ways, in order to help them achieve our level of civilization and

thus raise them and all their white brothers up from their savage and unhappy state. We offer this treaty in good faith and wish to be fair and honorable in our dealings with all white men.

We feel that this so-called Alcatraz Island is more than suitable for an Indian Reservation, as determined by the white man's own standards. By this we mean that this place resembles most Indian reservations, in that:

1. It is isolated from modern facilities, and without adequate means of transportation.
2. It has no fresh running water.
3. It has inadequate sanitation facilities.
4. There are no oil or mineral rights.
5. There is no industry and so unemployment is very great.
6. There are no health care facilities.
7. The soil is rocky and non-productive; and the land does not support game.
8. There are no educational facilities.
9. The population has always exceeded the land base.
10. The population has always been held as prisoners and kept dependent upon others.

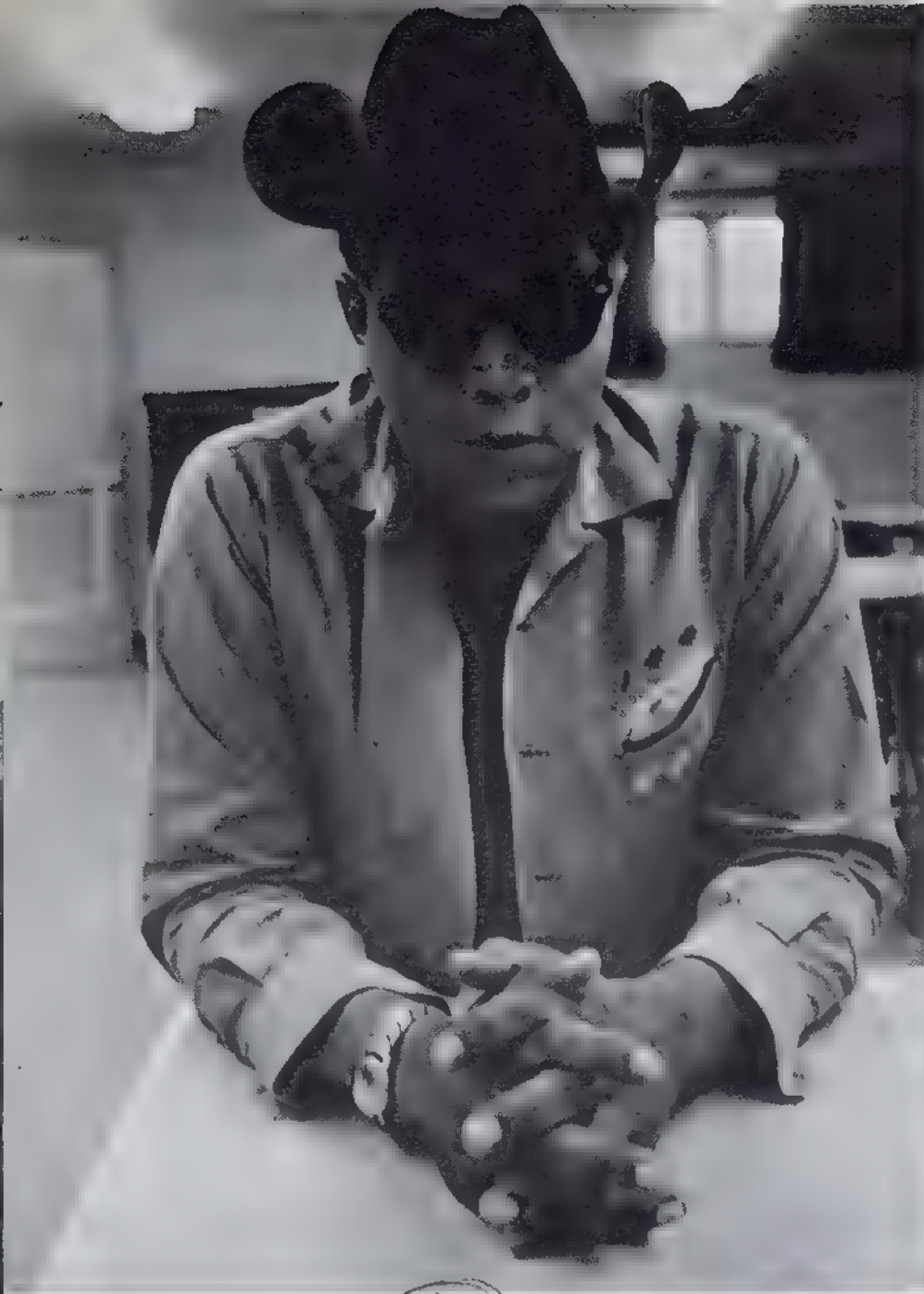
Further, it would be fitting and symbolic that ships from all over the world, entering the Golden Gate, would first see Indian land, and thus be reminded of the true history of this nation. This tiny island would be a symbol of the great lands once ruled by free and noble Indians.

Proposal for Utilization of Alcatraz Island in Behalf of All Indian Tribes

Since the San Francisco Indian

~~~~~

On November 9, 1969, a group of Indians landed on Alcatraz Island, and at the same time an Indian representative handed the above proclamation to a federal official in San Francisco. At last count over a hundred Indians were occupying the island.



to depollute the air and the water of the Bay Area. We will seek to restore fish and animal life, and to revitalize sea life which has been threatened by the white man's way. Facilities will be developed to desalt sea water for human use.

A Great Indian Training School will be developed to teach our peoples how to make a living in the world, improve our standards of living, and end hunger and unemployment among all our peoples. This training school will include a center for Indian arts and crafts, and an Indian Restaurant serving native foods and training Indians in culinary arts. This center will display Indian foods of all tribes to the public, so that all may know of the beauty and spirit of the traditional Indian ways.

Some of the present buildings will be taken over to develop an American Indian Museum, which will depict our native foods and other cultural contributions we have given to all the world. Another part of the Museum will present some of the things the white man has given to the Indians, in return for the land and life he took: disease, alcohol, poverty and cultural decimation (as symbolized by old tin cans, barbed wire, rubber tires, plastic containers, etc.). Part of the Museum will remain a dungeon, to symbolize both those Indian captives who were incarcerated for challenging white authority, and those who were imprisoned on reservations. The Museum will show the noble and the tragic events of Indian history, including the broken treaties, the documentary of the Trail of Tears, the Massacre of Wounded Knee, as well as the victory over Yellow-Hair Custer and his army.

In the name of all Indians, therefore, we re-claim this island for our Indian nations, for all these reasons. We feel this claim is just and proper, and that this land should rightfully be granted to us for as long as the rivers shall run and the sun shall shine.

SIGNED,

INDIANS OF ALL TRIBES  
San Francisco, California

Center burned down, there has been no place for Indians to assemble and carry on our tribal life here in this white man's city. Therefore, we plan to develop on Alcatraz several Indian institutes:

A Center for Native American Studies will be developed which will train our young people in the best of our native cultural arts and sciences, as well as educate them to the skills and knowledge relevant to improve the lives and spirits of all Indian peoples. Attached to this center will be traveling universities, managed by Indians, which will go to the Indian Reservations in order to

learn the traditional values from the people, which are now absent in the Caucasian higher educational system.

An American Indian Spiritual and Medical Center will be developed which will practice our ancient tribal ceremonies and arts of healing. Our religious and cultural arts will be revitalized and our young people trained in medicine, in spiritual music, and dance.

An Indian Center of Ecology will be built which will train and support our young people in scientific research and practice in order to restore our lands and waters to their pure and natural state. We will seek

John Lucas

## CONSTANT CRABS

The sea piled up these sands  
When she was young,  
Once gold plans now lost  
In a wide wet mind.  
Rhythmic thoughts still haunt  
The coasts of crumbled castles.  
  
We scattered gleaming dreams  
On shores of the world we met in,  
Then drowned oblivious in the roar of love.  
Somewhere young bodies sleep  
In the swept silence of our dunes,  
Sand sifts in the conchs of their ears.  
We crawl back searching each July,  
Two constant crabs stitching surf  
To moonlight with arthritic pinchers.  
Wondering where the warp and woof went wrong.

--- William Harrold

## ROSES FOR THE DOCTOR

While crowds were wearing beauty  
On the beaches and ballroom floors,  
He spent a youth taming the spine  
Which straightened to the charmer's music.  
He named a disease and it was hexed,  
Believing greys could bear no light,  
He beamed his radiant colors on madness  
Letting concealed divineness break through.  
He always invoked the Higher Forces  
And kept a picture of his spirit's guide.  
His patients felt the sponsoring angels.  
He pooled all powers for buoying truth  
Till the quivering hand above the table  
Led one last patient into the sun  
Where together they smelled roses.

--- William Harrold

## BREAK

As dawn shudders  
Melting the cold stars,  
Our hands unclasp in separate deaths  
Spilling backward fast as sands,  
Pulling ecstasy,  
Like taffy,  
Till it breaks.

--- William Harrold

## "Khartoum Group" Boycotts Anti-Portugal Move

Efforts of Western European student and youth groups to block arms supplies to Portuguese troops fighting against African freedom fighters in Portugal's African colonies are going ahead, but without the cooperation of the "Khartoum group" of Moscow-leaning liberation movements.

The Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), the Mozambique Liberation Front (Frelimo) and all the other groups loosely allied since their meeting in the Sudanese capital early in 1969 refused to attend the recent anti-NATO congress, organized in Amsterdam by NSR, the Dutch student organization.

The only African liberation movements to send representatives to the international gathering were the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) and the Pan Africanist Congress (PAC) of South Africa. The Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) of Rhodesia also wanted to send a delegate, but no one was able to travel to Holland for the congress.

UNITA's Jorge Sangumba deplored the absence of the other groups, which he maintained was further proof of their "extreme sectarianism" and stubborn refusal to join with other freedom fighters in a united front against Portuguese colonialism. David Sibeko of the PAC declared that it was "tragic but true that the African National Congress of South Africa, which also refused to come to Amsterdam, is willing to put foreign, non-African interests above the freedom struggle of the African people."

Acting on a resolution proposed by the PAC's David Sibeko, the conference unanimously declared that the freedom fighters of Africa,

Asia and Latin America were "in the front line of the struggle" against imperialism and social-imperialism. The Afro-American struggle was also praised. The conference called for the release from jail of Huey Newton and Bobby Seale of the Black Panthers, as well as the dropping of the pending North Carolina kidnapping charges against Afro-American leader Robert F. Williams, who recently returned to the United States after eight years in exile.

## Murder Charged in Kabaka Death

Although a British coroner has declared that "King Freddie," the exiled Kabaka of Buganda and first President of independent Uganda, died of "acute alcoholic poisoning," an associate of the Kabaka claims that he was poisoned by a hired killer.

The Kabaka, 45-year-old Sir Edward Frederick William Mutesa, was found dead by a servant in his southeast London exile home on Nov. 21 in mysterious circumstances. An initial post-mortem examination failed to disclose the cause of death. After further investigation, a pathologist reported finding a large quantity of alcohol in the body, but there was no indication of chronic alcoholism, and no drugs bottles or letters were found in the Kabaka's small apartment.

In a statement to the *Sunday Telegraph* of London, Mr. Frederick Mpanga, former Attorney General in the Kabaka's government, declared that he and the 750 other people from Buganda living in Britain were convinced that the Kabaka had been murdered. Mpanga said, "We have strong grounds to believe that the assassin arrived in this country two months before King Freddie's death," and added that the name of the suspected killer had been given to Scotland Yard.

According to reports from Kampala, capital of Uganda, authorities

these have called the murder allegations "absurd." The government of President Milton Obote (himself a recent victim of attempted assassination), who took over as head of state after the Kabaka fled the East African country three and a half years ago, has offered to give his body a state funeral in the ancestral tombs of the royal family of the former Kingdom of Buganda, despite the bitter hostility in the past between the two. However, a British lawyer, speaking on behalf of the Kabaka's widow, said that the body of the feudal ruler would remain in Britain "until the state of emergency in Uganda is over."

Despite the widespread belief of exiles from Buganda that King Freddie was murdered, British authorities declared that they carried out an intensive investigation and found nothing suspicious in his sudden death. Police files are said to have been closed on the case.

## "Minority Rights Group" Founded in London

An international private organization, based in Britain, has been set up to assist minorities who are being oppressed and deprived of their rights in any part of the world. Named the Minority Rights Group, the new body will be headed by the 54-year-old white South African editor Laurence Gandar, who has been given indefinite leave by his newspaper, the *Rand Daily Mail*, in Johannesburg.

Speaking at a London press conference, Mr. Gandar revealed that the MRG has already received a \$72,000 grant over three years from the Ford Foundation and was at present actively soliciting other contributions to finance its work.

Mr. Gandar declared he hoped soon to associate distinguished African and Asian authorities with the work of MRG, so that the organization would not long remain allwhite.

—Richard Gibson

## Book Reviews

PETER HARATY

**Police Power: Police Abuses in New York City**, by Paul Chevigny. New York: Pantheon, 1969. 298 pp. \$6.95

In this book the author summarizes some of the cases illustrating abuse of police power which he handled while working as counsel for a two-year study sponsored by the Civil Liberties Union. The chapters are divided according to the types of abuse involved -- defiance and force, defiance and arrest, criticism of police -- but there is one theme that runs throughout: Police abuse is likely to occur when an officer feels he has been defied or has not been treated with "proper respect." In such a situation, his prime objectives tend to become punishment of defiance and enforcement of respect, and as the author points out: "Anyone who defies the police is likely to be arrested, but a Negro or a Puerto Rican is more likely to be clubbed in the process...and it is harder for Criminal Court judges later to think he is in the right."

Undoubtedly the understatement of the book.

This kind of bending-over-backward impartiality -- toward whites -- which characterizes police action (and such hallowed institutions as "Fair" Housing Laws, "Fair" Employment Practices, and other devices intended to deal with the oppression of nonwhites) has evidently also had an influence on Chevigny's report. For since only very well witnessed cases, stupidly handled by the police, are included, the book gives the impression that such abuses are the exception rather than the rule.

How do the police justify these abuses? First of all, they do not admit to the existence of "abuses," for according to their "police ethic" they are only doing their duty: "If

a man is 'dangerous,' that is, if he has a criminal background or is a potential criminal, then he ought to be arrested." A policeman feels himself justified -- and he has official and public approval -- in violating any constitutional guarantee, law or statute, as well as any basic concept of human decency, as long as he sincerely thinks the suspect is "guilty at heart," is a "wise guy," or if he engages in such perfectly legal but unheard-of practices as taking down a badge number or requesting a name.

Yet, as Chevigny aptly concludes, if there is something wrong with the "police ethic," there is something equally wrong with the general public. They have condoned such breaches of law by our "finest" with far too much consistency, and allowed them to continue.

What can be done?

Unfortunately, the author suggests nothing more concrete in the way of remedy than education of the public. They should, he says, be shown that such behavior on the part of the police is likely to cause more trouble than it averts. This is a rather weak suggestion at best, and it is further diluted by Chevigny's own material. In documenting the short life of the Civilian Complaint Review Board, set up to examine alleged police abuses in New York City, he demonstrates how even a mild reform (which while operating was no more effective than the system which preceded or succeeded it) was stopped by public protest.

It seems obvious that the "public" Chevigny is talking about is not the Black or Puerto Rican working-class public of a Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant. His public is the "public in general," or the "society at large" -- both misleading ways of referring to the white majority. And

this public is so far removed from considering any suggestion for meaningful reform that any "education" would have to be funded by the century.

*Police Power* covers the last months of the old procedure for review of police abuses in New York City, the Civilian Complaint Review Board, and the system presently in effect. The revealing, and depressing, conclusion one reaches is that there is little chance of redress of grievances, of relief from police brutality, under any system likely to exist in the present society.

Rather than attempting to educate Chevigny's public, our efforts could more profitably be directed toward aiding local populations to gain control of their local police. This is not to say that such action will be easy. Far from it. For the same prejudices that operate to condone the present oppression of Black and Latin populations will militate against the surrender of this power now held by the white majority. But such attempts seem more hopeful in the long run than trying to educate the ruling class-caste to the entirely foreign ideology of justice and peace for all men.

**The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis**, by James Ridgeway. New York: Random House, 1968. 288pp. \$5.95

Urb-CoIn is a game designed for the Army to teach U.S. Special Forces how to put down insurgencies in Vietnam cities. It is now played by school children in Boston slums to help them better understand the conditions there.

The passage quoted above serves as a footnote to Chapter 8 of this  
cont. on pg. 22

# Theatre Review

by CLAYTON RILEY

The Struggle, for instance...

Charlie L. Russell asks us to consider it in creative terms, offers his play *Five on the Black Hand Side* as witness to the fact. And the Brother has been on the case, we see this in his work, particularly where the sound of the folk is displayed, the way the talk is talked, what it really does when we hear it, hear ourselves...what's called an ear for dialogue. Russell constantly reminds us, in an incredibly complete way, of so many things we remember hearing, all our yesterdays, the commentary and its warmth, its rhythm. Here the playwright is a master.

Elsewhere, there's trouble.

Begin with Gideon. Brother is in a bind, not making it too cool with his father. Sleeping on the roof. We're in Harlem to meet some people, Gideon's family and others.

Pops, Mr. Brooks, that is to say, is a barber, doing pretty good with his own shop. Runs his house and his family like some kind of latter-day command post in one of Napoleon's tougher campaigns. Gideon doesn't dig and has cut it all loose, intending to return only when certain demands of his are met by his father. But Pops isn't having any, counters with some demands of his own. So we have a significant conflict: young Brother is into something; his father, fruit of the missionary, doesn't want to hear it.

Having introduced us to this encounter, the playwright should offer a strong resolution, as strong at least as the implications of the confrontation -- father versus son on an issue isn't usually light stuff. It is here that Russell begins to fail us. Gideon's thing not only becomes peripheral and, ultimately, unresolved, but is, in fact, completely co-opted into someone else's main event -- his mother's. Now

the question isn't whether Gideon's struggle against Pops' comedic tyranny is more or less important than his mother's war against the same thing; the question is whether or not both considerations belong in the same play. Moms has her own bind to deal with, a very specific and relevant one. And when she rebels against her husband's unreasonable and domineering behavior, the playwright's vision seems clear: a woman will sacrifice only so much for the sake of that security couched in the concept of home, steady income, food, clothes -- the whole scene. If the price for these things is a life as a fawning, frightened, semi coolie laborer, then the price is too high. (Just as it was when those plantation philosophers and apologists imagined that slaves were deliciously happy with having everything but freedom and self-respect.)

But, again, these are serious things. Russell has chosen to allow most of the deeper significances in his work to be lost in the design of the presentation. The framework is satirical, the most difficult type of theater to make work. When played too broadly, as it almost always is in this production, the subtleties are either submerged completely or hammered home so heavily we fail to reflect carefully upon what is being said. Now, if we accept that farce is, indeed, a proper vehicle for the Struggle toward Black Liberation -- the point certainly is arguable -- then we must also accept a good deal of the Struggle as being weighted down by a generalized lack of seriousness. *Black Hand Side* is played as farce; that is its style, the major force and shape of its personality. The gestures employed by the players, the uses they make of their respective creative instruments, lead them continually away

from making the comments the text offers...they do not so much play the material as they permit themselves to play toward a personal kind of stylishness, an individualism, continuing calls for attention and laughs that are pointedly denied in the writing. As with Gideon telling his brother Booker T. to get out of his I/me bag and into the reality of it all being about us.

In several ways the play's identity remains in perpetual crisis. Gideon, in chastising Booker T. for hanging out with white women, tells him he must replenish himself continually with reflections of his Blackness. Fine. His woman must be Black. Solid. He must seek with her a reinforcement of the family structure as "the basic unit in any society." (An extremely questionable assertion.) Yet, the central moving force in the play is a friend of Moms, by the name of Stormy Monday. The direction, not the text, makes her the important person in the production; it is she who causes everything to happen that needs to happen. Yet Stormy Monday lies outside any discernible family structure herself, is determinedly anti-male (anti-Black men is a more apt way of putting it), and somehow emerges as the saviour of everybody concerned. If Booker T. is to be rebuked for not having a Black woman, what shall we do with Stormy Monday who has no Black man? (And don't mean to get one.)

A further dislocation is rendered by the best scene in the show, which takes place in Brooks' Barber Shop. This portion of the play is where Russell really works his show, offering the richest folklore figures you ever will see (and you MUST see them) in a scene that fails for for succeeding so far outside the context of everything else in the program. The barber shop scene has

cont next pg.

## BOOKS cont.

study of the American university's involvement in the oppression of colonized peoples, here and abroad. This particular game was designed by Clark Abt, of the Harvard-MIT academic community, and is probably the least sinister of the enterprises supported in one way or another by the combination of Defense Department and university funds, from Stanford, where the idea of the strategic hamlet was born, to Columbia, the prime slumlord of Harlem. Many of these activities are at least understandable within the context of the American ethic. Observe, for example, Harvard's subsidiary company, Northgate, which buys up student housing and then constantly jacks up the rent (because students will just double up and shut up, splitting the higher rents with more tenants); or the "spin-off" companies, which are run by professors who developed patents while doing research which they then further developed for Defense contracts, siphoning off colleagues from their university for more research in return for government contracts for these institutions. Such machinations can even generate admiration among the people, as long as they are made to forget that this money comes from them, and only them, either in the form of taxes, or tuition for their children. And you can always look at it as putting the man in a trick.

But Mr. Ridgeway also covers other aspects of the situation, such

as the University of Chicago and Harvard preserving wretched environments on the South Side and in Cambridge as fields of research for their sociology researchers. He documents the fact that these two universities, at least, are consciously maintaining slums for the purpose of investigation by professors and graduate students of the life-styles, opinions, beliefs, and emotional lives of the residents of a *real* slum.

*The Closed Corporation* does not deal with "The Negro Problem," but it does deal with the problem of exploitation, of oppression, of hypocrisy, of lies and deceit, and in these terms it is relevant to the readers of this publication. Right now I have a picture of Che Guevara over my typewriter, from an issue of *LIBERATOR*. When I first saw it, two years ago, I thought: "Why is Dan Watts running a picture of a hunkie?" But since then, I've done a lot of thinking, a lot of reading, and a lot of growing, and I know that not only do we have a lot to teach other oppressed peoples, like those in Ghana and Kenya, we have a lot to learn from them--in Angola, Cuba, China, or Vietnam. And while Mr. Ridgeway would probably not agree with me completely, any more than I would probably agree with him, his book offers information in a readable form which is not as easily obtainable elsewhere.

I remember a letter to the *LIBERATOR* some time ago from a street brother who pleaded for more articles

aimed at him, and his image is confused in my mind with that of the brother at Cornell, gun in hand and bandolier across the chest, Afro on his head. I thought: That street brother will appreciate what this Cornell brother has done, but will he understand it? If that street brother is still listening, maybe that brother in Ithaca knew about the Curtiss-Wright deal with Cornell, in which the former airplane company turned over its Buffalo plant to Cornell so it could continue to produce planes to napalm our brothers in Vietnam--possibly causing the death of another of our brothers in the crew. Or maybe this Cornell brother had heard of the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, which, besides depriving his street brother of information concerning his automobile accident which might help him win a suit against General Motors for faulty equipment, also was engaged in the Bumblebee missile for the Navy, and other Vietnam projects such as the device to evade radar, photo-reconnaissance equipment, "spatial filtering" photograph apparatus for spy flights, and other research to help destroy non-white peoples.

In short, this book is a source of information, or a scenario of embarrassing questions, for oppressed peoples who want to gain knowledge or community support for actions against the system which directly oppresses them ("holding pens for labor") or others not directly connected with the institutions.

## THEATRE cont.

virtually nothing to do with the play as it is now being done, it exists as an addendum, an afterthought, filled though it is with several fantastic monologues -- most notably by a numbers writer strung out on wine and poetic interjections, and the world's greatest lover ("I may not be the baddest cat in the world but

I'm in the top two...and my father's getting old!").

Finally, if we accept *Black Hand Side* as satire, what do we accept as being satirized? Or whom? When a Brother enters the barber shop to announce "we are being oppressed because we are Black...(because) the pigs are not jivin'" one may logically wonder if the laughter this

provokes is warranted or desirable -- particularly in view of our most recent history.

Much of what Russell has done, under the direction of Barbara Ann Teer, is extremely fine and notable work, and is at New York City's American Place Theater. You should see it; get there before too long. The run is limited.

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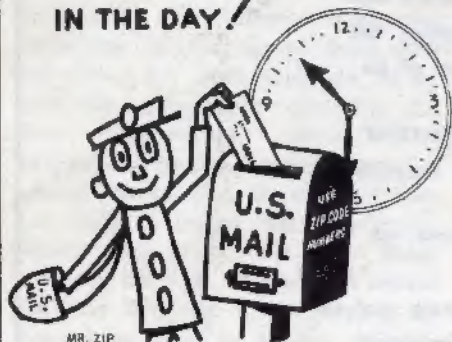
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